

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

My short and happy day is done;
The long and lonely night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life—
Good friends, the faithful and the true;
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view:
The night comes on, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

—Scribner for May.

LONDON FOGS.

Can nothing be done about London fogs? We are going to be wrapped in their horrible folds for two long months, but nobody but Dr. A. Carpenter so much as shouts us a word of warning. The Times is perfectly right to open its columns for the discussion of the subject, for the evil is becoming unendurable, and will, if it increases as it recently has done, seriously affect the prosperity as well as the healthiness of the capital. Members of Parliament do not feel it, for they go away and keep away during the fog season; but for the true inhabitants of London, the three millions of people who are condemned to live here through the winter, life is made seriously worse by the pall which from the end of October to the middle of February overhangs the over-populated city. Life may be worth living, for all Schopenhauer, but a life of labour under a catafalque! It is surplussage to tell us there have always been fogs. Of course they have been fogs, but they have been reasonable fogs and seasonal fogs, not these permanent clouds of black mist. When it was cold above and warm below, and the air was saturated with moisture, there was, of course, a mist, which being coloured by the smoke it pressed down, became a yellow fog, very disagreeable to the smell, very difficult to move through, and quite fatal to any work requiring a fine eyesight. Such fogs were obnoxious, but they rarely lasted more than three days, they yielded to the first breeze, and they were general over a considerable division of the country,—which, though no advantage, was a reason for patient resignation. The London fogs of to-day are in certain months nearly permanent. When the barometer is high, when there is no moisture, when everywhere round the metropolis the air is bright, though keen, and the light most inspiring, a grayish-brown cloud, indescribably melancholy in color, folds itself in hideous convolutions over London, shutting out the sun's rays, stopping light breezes, falling at intervals in a pitiless rain of fine smut, and rendering life, for all who feel external gloom strongly, almost unendurable. This cloud is composed almost wholly of smoke; it never departs except in face of a gale, and then it reassembles in a few hours, almost as thick as before. Last year it hung up there in the upper air for more than nine weeks, immovable, till one felt like adding a prayer against the smoke-cloud to the English missal. Asthmatic people died at the rate of two-and-a-quarter times the usual proportion; children with whooping cough could not get well; all men with the faintest trouble of the lungs grew fatigued and sleepless, with the extra work imposed upon their weak organs; but the cloud was as stationary as if it had been solid and rested upon pillars built for its support. Sometimes the air was by day a little lighter below and sometimes a little darker, and it was noticeable that the fog seldom rendered movement impossible, as the old fogs used to do, but it was as continual as the need of money and as unremitting as Irish grievances. People not ordinarily poetic felt inclined to make sonnets about its pitilessness, as great poets have done about the sea. It was an aggravation additional that the cloud covered no great area, but seemed to have walls, to drop heavy, gloomy, smoke-coloured portières over all the entrances to the great city, till as you walked up Hampstead Hill you often seemed to emerge as from some cavern into sunshine and pleasant air, and to regain in a moment lost capacities of sight. The fog, in fact, is a man-made article, and has no business up there at all, and would not have been there but for the smoke from innumerable domestic fires, the extinction of which in summer is the chief reason why Londoners are permitted for a few months in every year to see the sky. These fires increase with the population, until, as Dr. A. Carpenter gloomily prophesies, London, for four months in the year, is in danger of being wrapped in fog whenever the barometer is high and there is anything like a calm, which latter event, from the situation of the high lands on each side of the valley of the Thames, is of almost constant occurrence. There is, therefore, every probability that during the coming November, December, January and February, London will be wrapped, with brief intervals, in a thick, light-destroying, disheartening, asphyxiating, immovable fog. Dr. Carpenter points out clearly, in his letter to the Times, the great injury to health which these fogs cause, which, indeed, is sufficiently patent from the registrar-general's returns; but he naturally sticks to the health question too closely, and his remedy does not quite convince us. The citizens of great cities are very patient under insalubrious conditions. They make very little fuss if the death-rate doubles, provided it is not doubled by an epidemic, and it may be

questioned if London would ever have obtained the new drainage system, if it had depended on a plebiscite of rate-payers. But they feel the discomfort of darkness, which interferes sadly with some trades and professions—the artists last year, for instance, lost a third of their aggregate incomes in the mere stoppage of their labour—and the injury done to property. A fog like that of last year fines London in hundreds of thousands of pounds, merely in the injury done to upholstery, books and clothing, while the whole people are rendered less happy, more inclined to gin, and less capable of work. Work done in comparative blindness is not done quickly or well, and the sunless air, heavy with descending soot, directly diminishes the available quantum of energy. Who is to move quickly or think brightly, while swimming in a sea of diluted soot? The people are living in a chimney, and a chimney is, for all created things but swallows, a gloomy place. The depression is severe enough to be felt, and last year the majority were conscious enough of it to recognize its cause; though, believing remedy hopeless, they submitted with the doggedly gloomy resignation, which is their remedy for suffering, and which is the distinctive difference between an Englishman and an American. If the physicians could only convince them that remedy was possible, they would, we believe, be very eager to secure it, and would, we think, submit to Dr. Carpenter's proposal of a heavy tax on their open fires. They would soon save the money in lessened consumption of coal, and might, to be rid of fog, part with their cheerful fires, those who could not bear their absence burning wood, as all mankind does upon the Continent. But we confess we doubt universal London consenting to have its food cooked by private gas stoves, which are always going wrong, which smell, and which only experts ever make hot enough. They might give up private cooking, which is a waste and an imbecility, but they will be slow to resort to gas. Is it, however, absolutely certain that to be rid of fogs we must resort to gas stoves? Cannot the open fire be reconciled with freedom from smoke, all smoke being consumed in or above the chimney, or carried by smoke-pipes from block to block, till it can be utilized? There seems to be a want of brain somewhere, in an arrangement by which a vapour which, while warm, will rise of itself, and which is, after all, only bad, unclarified coal gas, must be exhaled into the open air, to become an unmitigated nuisance. Cannot we send it somewhere else? It does not seem impossible to carry away smoke at an expense less than a tax on open fires, or to invent a fuel which shall be coal in all good properties, like anthracite, and yet not smoke. The American anthracite stoves would solve our difficulty readily enough, but to compel their use would be impossible, even if it would be expedient. Surely, considering the wealth of London and the growing character of the evil, the men of science must be able to devise some practical remedy which would still leave us fires, or the appearance of fires, at an endurable cost. We venture to say if the smoke-cloud were only a little deadlier they would find one rapidly enough, and only wish the writer who recently described the destruction of London by asphyxiation had been as clever as the author of "The Battle of Dorking," and had roused a good, working, unreasoning, irresistible, roaring panic. Londoners might have hung a manufacturer or two to encourage others to consume their own smoke; but manufacturers are not much missed, and in a very few days the engineers would have compelled science to perform her new task, and put an end to fogs. We want a smoke-bottle in every chimney that will burn up the smoke, or solidify the smoke, till the dustmen can take it away early for manure.—Spectator.

AN ADIRONDACK WINTER FOR CONSUMPTIVE INVALIDS.

A variety of ways of spending the winter in the Adirondacks is opened to the health-seeker. The greater number of those who have thus far tried the experiment have taken up their abode in Saranac Lake. This is a ridge of a town lying on the Saranac River, thirteen miles from "Paul" Smith's, and six from Bloomingdale. It was here that Dr. Trudeau, the pioneer of the present little colony of St. Regis health-hunters, spent his first winter in the woods, and to that fact, rather than to any special advantages possessed by the place, is due the following of other experimenters. To those who depend largely upon society for recreation, Saranac is to be recommended as the most desirable point. Such faint glimmerings of social gaieties as are to be found anywhere in the backwoods shine in Saranac. There is one moderately large boarding-house, and a number of smaller ones, designed especially for the accommodation of winter guests. There is a post-office, which gets a daily mail, and there are churches, a school-house, a village store with its customary multifarious treasures, and telegraphic communication with the outside world. These advantages are likewise possessed by Bloomingdale, which would afford an equally desirable home to the winter sojourner. Now and then a guest has remained through the winter at "Paul" Smith's, but as a rule the house is closed at that season. The Reporter preferred to make his winter home in a farm-house midway between Bloomingdale and "Paul" Smith's. So far as climatic benefits are concerned, it is a matter of little consequence where the patient remains, so long as he keeps within the boundaries of the St. Regis region.

The Reporter is forced to admit that in his own case the Adirondack winter failed miserably to sustain its reputation for evenness of temperature. This, however, must be attributed to the exceptional character of the season of 1879-80. As a rule, the winter months here will be found dry, cold and almost entirely free from thaws; as a rule, also, the snowfall is abundant, and three or four months of continuous sleighing may be counted upon with certainty. In winter as in summer, the first duty of the patient should be to live out-of-doors as much of the time as is practicable. If not strong enough to hunt—and winter hunting is rare good sport here—or to tramp over the snow-covered roads, then he may resort to riding, and thus secure the benefits of the bracing air. With a reasonable amount of care there is no danger of taking cold, nor need the health-hunter be frightened out of his daily drive by storm, or wind, or snow. Inwrapped in a buffalo-skin coat—which, by-the-way, is to be recommended as the garment of all others for riding—the Reporter found himself perfectly comfortable with thermometer marking forty degrees below zero. It is simply amazing how much cold even a sick man can endure here, and with less discomfort than would be experienced in an average winter in New York city.

Wherever the winter sojourner may take up his quarters, whether Saranac, Bloomingdale, "Paul" Smith's, or in a farm-house, he will need to look to the outside world for one important item of food, viz., beef. Adirondack beef is tougher than anything in this world with which it has been the lot of the Reporter to grapple—an assertion not lacking in solemnity when it is remembered that reportorial experience familiarizes a fellow with criminals, politicians, and the orthography of the man who writes gratuitous communications (on both sides of the sheet) to the daily press. Barring the beef, a wholesome and nutritious diet may be counted upon in the winter boarding-houses.

With pleasant in-door surroundings, a good table, a daily drive of two or three hours, an occasional jaunt on foot, plenty of books and newspapers—you will get your mail every day, as in summer—and, above all, the cheering consciousness of steady progress toward recovery, this winter exile in the wilderness is by no means so terrible a thing as one might at first suppose. Perhaps there will be some return of the bad symptoms upon removing from the camp to house quarters. That need cause no alarm. After sleeping three or four months in a tent, any room, however well ventilated, will at first seem close and stifling. The lungs have grown acutely sensitive to vitiated air. Still, the atmosphere in a wilderness house is incomparably purer than that the patient would breathe in his city home. While, therefore, the change from tent to bedroom may here be accompanied with some unpleasant effects, it is apparent that such change is far less productive of evil than would be the transition from the woods to the city house. It is a good thing to remember that, whether indoors or out, we breathe the air that surrounds us. If that air is pure outside, it will be proportionately pure within. And with no noxious odors, no defective drains or gas-pipes, no wretched furnaces or heaters, no double windows to shut out the oxygen—with none of these abominations, but, in place thereof, cheery wood fires, open chimney-places, and a surrounding atmosphere of absolute purity, it must be admitted that in-door life in the Adirondacks gives the lungs something very different from the air of the average town house. To all who may be induced to try the wilderness experiment, the Reporter reiterates the advice—stay through the winter. Even if the camping season fail to accomplish any perceptible good, let the patient hold fast to his faith in the cold-weather theory.—MARC COOK, in Harper's Magazine.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Duc de Laroche-foucauld-Doudeauville has had the misfortune to lose his only son, aged nineteen.

THE managers of the Jardin d'Acclimatation have had a tramway constructed which will be a new source of amusement to visitors to that interesting resort.

"How much is that?" said a mourner in a flower-shop, pointing to a wreath of immortelles inscribed, "To my mother-in-law." "What you like," replied the florist. "I have had it for fourteen years, and no one has ever offered to purchase it."

READERS of French papers are by this time tolerably acquainted with Sir Gladstone and Sir Bright, but never, we believe, before the other day, have they been told that "Monsieur Esquire" was going to build a new theatre in the French quarter of London.

AN apparatus is about to be introduced at the Morgue by which the dead bodies there exposed will be kept at a temperature below zero, and thus preserved in form and feature intact for two or three months.

A grande dame, the Countess P. di B., has conceived an idea which may be recommended to those whose wealth is of long standing—it is a diner maugré, followed by a dance. The women will all be costumed in the style of Catherine de Medicis and the men in the costume of gentlemen of the time of Henry II. The fur-

niture of the hotel of the Comtesse P di B. is in the Renaissance style. The menu of the dinner has been made up from indications in books and chronicles of the time—a complete sixteenth-century dinner in a sixteenth-century mansion.

M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC contributed an article to his paper, Le Pays, recently, attacking the existing order of things and the men in power, containing the following epithets to replace arguments: "Déloyal, infâme, poltron, ivre mort, las d'ordures, girouette, hoquet, policier, naïve-abond, boue, crocheteur, insensé traître, insulteur, veroux, bandit, mouchard, roussin, renégat." This choice collection of invectives throws some light on the amenities of contemporary French journalism.

THE French police are subject to those paroxysms of virtue with which Macaulay says the English people are occasionally afflicted. Every now and then they resolve to cleanse Paris of the perilous stuff which lies about its streets. They made a dash lately upon the Passage des Panoramas, the Burlington Arcade of Paris. In their indiscriminate zeal for virtue they pounced upon a respectable married woman, one Madame Eyer, who was waiting for her two little girls and their governess. Vainly did the poor lady implore for mercy; vain were her appeals to the crowd to protect her. She earnestly besought them to allow her to escort her children home, but French chivalry has been laughed away; no hand was raised in her defence; she was dragged off, screaming, to the police office, then removed to the prefecture in a cellular carriage, and detained for three days. These little mishaps occur with deplorable frequency; and, as M. Maret rightly observes, he would far prefer being attacked in the streets by a malefactor than by the police, for he has the right to defend himself against a malefactor, whereas if he resists the police he is amenable to all kinds of pains and penalties.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 315. E. D. W. Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 325.

We are glad to hear that a chess match took place a fortnight ago between the Clubs of Toronto and Hamilton. Six players on each side were chosen, and the result of the contents was a tie, each club scoring six games. The following list contains the names of the players and the scores:—

Table with 2 columns: TORONTO and HAMILTON. Lists names of players and their scores.

The match was fought at Hamilton and all the visitors were the guests of the Hamilton Club, and warmly appreciated the kindly and courteous reception given to them.

The annual chess match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge has been fought, and it has terminated again in favour of the latter. The contest must have been a close one, as Cambridge won by only a single game. The heavy defeat the Oxford players received last year must have put them on their mettle, and, no doubt, they realize the fact that it is necessary to practice over the chequered board, if they wish to maintain a fair standing in the royal game.

We are informed by the Chessplayers' Chronicle that the Blackburne-Gunsberg match has resulted in a victory for Mr. Blackburne. Fourteen games were played, of which the victor won the requisite seven, and the vanquished four; while the others were drawn. The match was well contested throughout, and in a manner which reflects the greatest credit on the two gentlemen engaged.

CHESS LAURELS ON EXHIBITION.

In Mr. Dawson's window may now be seen an illuminated address, presented to J. W. Shaw, Esq., of Montreal, by the members of the Montreal Chess Club and the players of the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney, of which he was conductor. The device contains in various panels photographs of the prize winners. Mr. Shaw himself occupying the centre; in the top left hand corner is the first prize winner, Mr. J. Henderson, of Montreal; in the opposite corner that of Mr. A. Sanders, of Montreal, second prize winner; in the left hand lower corner, Mr. W. Braithwaite, of Unionville, Ont., third prize winner; and in the opposite side that of Principal W. H. Hicks, fourth prize winner. In four diagrams of the chess board are as many interesting positions which occurred in the contest, and at the bottom may be seen Mr. Shaw's crest and monogram. The border is handsomely designed and executed in golden colours by hand, the whole being a beautiful specimen of the Illuminator's art, and reflects great credit on its designer, Mr. C. F. Baker, C.E., of Montreal. Exhibited with the above is the very elegant silver cup, presented by T. Lofroit, Esq., of Quebec, the President of the Canadian Chess Association, as the first prize in the late tourney of the Association held at Ottawa in the month of February last, and won by Mr. Shaw.

The cup is a very handsome specimen of the silversmith's art, and is the work of Mr. Hendery of this city.—Montreal Daily Witness.

In the Judd-Mackenzie match the score at present is: Judd, 5; Mackenzie, 3; drawn, 1.—Globe-Democrat.